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Wilhelm as I was obliged to call attention to in one of his earlier papers (*Classical Philology* 8.264, n. 2). He is still under the impression (410) that "the custom of furnishing comic choruses must be assigned to a period posterior to 460 B. C."

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

ROY C. FLICKINGER.

Ingram Bywater. *The Memoir of an Oxford Scholar, 1840-1914.* By William Walrond Jackson. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press (1917). Pp. xi+212. \$3.

Judged by comparison with the length of the now usual biography, autobiography, or letters, this Memoir will indeed seem brief. The author points out that materials for a life of Bywater are scant as compared with those for a life of Jowett. Unlike our own Benjamin Franklin, Professor Bywater was accustomed to destroy his letters and papers, and besides he left no diary.

It is a pleasant picture that we get of Bywater's father, a man of very moderate means, who spared no expense for his son's education. It was from his father that Bywater got his first instruction in Greek, Latin, and French. His serious study of Greek began when he entered Kings College School. From early years the boy evidently had a bookish turn; when, at the age of eighteen, he went up to Queen's College, Oxford, where he had obtained a scholarship, he carried with him about two hundred books. Here he came under the instruction of Lewis Campbell, and, to quote his own words, of "the distinguished man now known as Lord Bryce"; at the same time he had private tuition from Robinson Ellis, later Professor of Latin. He was intimate with Walter Pater, but could never accede to Pater's extravagant doctrine that aesthetic enjoyment was the chief end of man. Bywater took a first class in 1862; in the following year he was elected, along with his future biographer, to a fellowship at Exeter College. Soon afterwards he became very intimate with Mark Pattison, who more than anyone else influenced his future career. Pattison, a man of broad interests and of fine scholarship, soon led Bywater to choose the life of a scholar. Bywater at once set about making himself master of the scholar's technique and he made a thorough study of German methods. A remarkable instance, however, of his independence of judgment was shown at the time of the war of 1870. Oxford was largely pro-German, but Bywater, taking issue with his friend Pattison, warmly espoused the French cause.

Having once made his decision he never faltered in his devotion to the austere and heroic side of scholarship. He was averse to the popularization of knowledge and accordingly was strongly inclined to distrust men like Conington and Jowett. His wide knowledge of books, largely due, no doubt, to the stimulating intercourse with Pattison, led to his being appointed Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, in 1879. His chances

were very good for becoming at an early date Bodley's librarian. However, fearing encroachment upon his time for study, he resigned the position, but was at once made a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, a place which he filled until his death. His bent in scholarship was made clear by the publication in 1877 of his now well-known *Heracliti Ephesii Reliquiae*. In the following year he issued privately a collection of Greek aphorisms, under the title *Gnomologium Baroccianum*. In 1886 appeared his edition of Priscianus Lydus, which he had been asked to prepare for the *Supplementum Aristotelicum* of the Berlin Academy. In 1890 appeared his text of Aristotle's *Ethics*. Finally comes his edition of the *Poetics*, which at once forces comparison with Butcher's famous work, which boldly bears the title *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*. "You must not expect from me", insists Bywater, "anything about fine art, for I don't think that Aristotle said anything about it". His Aristotelian studies were intimately connected with the Aristotelian Society, of which an entertaining account is given by his biographer.

Bywater had been appointed Reader in Greek in 1883. At the death of Jowett he was appointed, on the nomination of Gladstone, Regius Professor of Greek in 1893. This position he resigned in 1908. He was strongly opposed to compulsory Greek and his reasons are given at length in this Memoir. American scholars will read with pleasure of his friendly intercourse with Whitney, Goodwin, and Professor Gildersleeve.

The book is beautifully printed on excellent paper and contains, as frontispiece, a striking likeness of Bywater. But with all its excellences the price, three dollars, is outrageously high.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.

G. C. SCOGGIN.

The Argonautica of Gaius Valerius Flaccus Setinus Balbus, Book I, Translated into English Prose, with Introduction and Notes. By H. G. Blomfield. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell (1916). Pp. 147. 3 sh. 6 d., net.

The author of this book is described on its title-page as Late Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, and has after his name the initials M.A., I.C.S. The book begins with some 36 alleged verses, in English, labelled *Candido Lectori*, giving the story of the Argo. The lines, which are wholly gratuitous, abound in slang and shocking evidences of bad taste. In the Preface (7-12) the author tells us that this is the first translation into prose, in any language, of Valerius Flaccus. Indeed, only the first book has been translated into verse. The latter rendering, by Thomas Noble, published in 1808, Mr. Blomfield praises very highly (11-12). Mr. Blomfield tells us also, in the Preface, that he hopes, in time, to bring out a complete edition of Valerius Flaccus, with introduction, revised text, commentary, and appendices, maps, plans, illustrations, bibliography, and index. The present volume

contains notes, beneath the translation; the notes deal mainly with the mythological allusions in the text. The author tells us, finally, that his aim has been to render faithfully the sense of the original, and at the same time to produce a fairly readable version (9).

The Introduction (13-17) gives a short account of Valerius Flaccus. The author argues that the Setinus Balbus is no part of Valerius's name; why, then, are these words so conspicuously given on the title-page of the book? Mr. Blomfield regards as exploded the view that the poet of the *Argonautica* is the Flaccus to whom Martial addressed several epigrams. On pages 15-17 he writes most enthusiastically of Valerius Flaccus, as a real poet, who had something to say:

at his best he is perhaps not greatly inferior even to Vergil himself. Here, we feel, is a poet indeed and not a poetaster, and one who has not only a genuine insight and imagination, but also a very considerable gift of expression, and one, moreover, who is not always straining after effect. . . . the poet contrives to invest the loves of Jason and Medea with a human interest which is almost modern in tone and setting, and is all the more refreshing because it is conspicuously absent in both Apollonius and Vergil. Indeed Valerius treats the love-interest with a freshness and charm which are all his own. And in certain descriptive passages, which are fairly numerous, he reaches a beauty of word-painting to which we have to turn to Vergil himself to find a parallel; and Noble does not scruple to put Valerius even *above* the Mantuan.

This eulogy of Valerius had been juster had it been a bit more restrained. Mr. Dimsdale, in his *History of Latin Literature*, 446-453 (see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 10.118-119), praises Valerius for his powers of description, and for his portrayal of Medea's love, but he is less the partisan and more the sound scholar than Mr. Blomfield. In concluding this part of his book, the author quotes, for the second time (see, for the first, page 7), Quintilian 10.1.90 *Multum in Valerio Flacco nuper amisimus*.

The prose-rendering reads well. How difficult it is to achieve this result in the case of the poets of the Silver Age every one who has read those poets knows. Frequently there are in the Notes quotations from Noble's verse-rendering of this book; often, also, Mr. Blomfield gives alternative renderings of his own, in verse. The notes are really voluminous, taking up 118 of the 145 pages devoted to translation and notes together! On these notes there is another series of notes, printed in still smaller type, explaining matters contained in the main commentary. There is in these notes too much of an effort to be smart and up-to-date in language. Thus, on page 34, Persius is described as the "Grahame-White of classical mythology"; on page 43, the wine-bowl that Theseus flung in the face of the centaur is described as "ancient equivalent of the modern whisky decanter". A very good feature of the book is to be seen in the numerous

references to books and articles that deal, directly or indirectly, with Valerius. The commentary, spite of its discursiveness, and its lapses from good taste, is welcome, especially since it is the only commentary in English on the poem.

Of the merits and demerits of the translation itself a fair notion can be got from the following extracts (see, in the Latin, verses 22-63, 788-817 [Aeson's curse of Pelias]):

Pelias had governed Thessaly from his earliest youth with a rod of iron, and was now well-stricken in years, and had long been feared by his subjects. His were all the streams that flowed into the Ionian Sea; wealthy he was, and his servants ploughed the slopes of Othrys and Haemus and the fertile plains below Olympus. But his mind had no rest through fear of his brother's son, and the boding oracles of the gods; for the prophets prophesied that he would destroy the king, and victims on the altars gave the same dread warnings. Above all the mighty renown of the warrior himself weighs on his mind, and his valour, a thing no tyrant loves. Wherefore he strives to anticipate his fears by killing the young man, even the son of Aeson, and seeks means and an opportunity to slay him. But he can find no wars, no monsters to be slain throughout the land of Greece: ere this Alcides had covered his temples with the gaping jaws of the lion of Cleone; long since had the men of Arcady been ridded of the Water-snake of Lerna; long since had the horns of both bulls been broken. So he bethinks him of the angry sea, and remembers the perils of the vasty deep. With peaceful look, no frown upon his brow, he approaches the youth, and by his serious air adds weight to words that come from feigned lips: 'Grant me this service, more noble than the deeds of olden time, and give thyself up to it, heart and soul. Thou hast heard how Phrixus, sprung from the blood of our kinsman Crethus, escaped the altar whereon his father was about to sacrifice him. But alas! cruel Aeetes, who dwells in Scythia by frozen Phasis, shaming his mighty sire the Sun-god, slaughtered him whilst the hospitable wine-bowl circulated, amid the inviolable rites of the banquet, while the guests looked on in horror—unmindful of me and of the gods. Nor is it only rumour that tells the news. I myself, what time late sleep binds my tired limbs, have seen the youth in his own person groaning bitterly; his mangled shade dispels my slumbers with its incessant complaints, and Helle, now a deity of the mighty deep, gives me no rest. Had I the strength I once possessed, e'en now shouldst thou behold the punishment of Colchis, and see the head and arms of its king brought back in triumph. Alas! long since, with advancing years, has the keen edge of my youthful ardour been blunted; nor is mine own son yet ripe for empire or war or exploits o'er the seas. But thou, glorious youth, in whom already there is a strong ambition and a manly spirit, go and restore to the walls of a Grecian temple the fleece of the ram sent down by Nephele, and deem thyself worthy of such a perilous task'. In this strain he encourages the young man, and then holds his peace, as one who commands rather than exhorts; saying naught of the Black Rocks that clash on the Scythian main, naught of the grim Dragon that guards the fleece; whom, as it darted forth its forked tongues, the king's daughter was wont to entice from its secret abode by spells and offered food, and to give it honey already livid with the poison of the day before.

C. K.